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THE SECOND PART OF THE Heroine Musqueteer: OR, THE FEMALE Warrier.

A TRUE HISTORY:

Very delightful, and full of Pleasant Adventures in the Campagnes of 1676, & 1677.

Translated out of French.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Magnes* and *R. Bentley*, in *Russel-street* in *Covent-Garden*, and *J. Tonson*, at the *Judges-head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-street*. 1678.

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Licensed,

Feb. 1. 1678. *R. L'Estrange.*

THE Heroin Muſqueteer: OR, The Female Warrier.

PART. II.

NEver was Man ſo aſtoniſht as the Marqueſs *d' Oſſeyra*, when he found he had wounded his Miſtreſs the ſame moment, and with the ſame Weapon he thought he had taken Revenge of his Rival. The Count *de Benavidez* gave him an account of all that had happen'd, when he ſurpriz'd (the ſuppos'd) S. *Aubin* with his Lady, and particularly of the diſcoveries he fancy'd he had made of

the Intelligence between them: The Relation was ſo ſurprizing, and the Circumſtances ſo extraordinary, the Marqueſs was confounded, and under ſo ſtrong a Convulſion of different Paſſions, that what with fear, what with grief, he was Mute for ſome time, and appear'd like a Statue without Senſe or Motion: But the Paſſion he had had for *Chriſtina* prevailing over the reſt, and reproaching him ſecretly with having deſtroy'd her, he pray'd the Count to go inſtantly learn what news of her wound; the diſorder he was in being ſo great, he had not the confidence to viſit her; but he follow'd the Count, though he ſcarce knew what he did. At the news of the Rancounter, ſeveral of his Friends flock'd to the Marqueſs, ſome of the Commanders were ſo impertinently officious, they would needs ſtop him from going any further,

to

to ſave him the trouble of ſeeing his Enemy the ſecond time: But the return he made their miſtaken Civility, was ſo unexpectedly untoward, his beſt Friends not knowing the motions of his heart, were highly offended at it. They were all amaz'd to ſee him ſo troubled, and not one could imagine what reaſon he ſhould have to go to the Count of *Benavidez*'s, where he knew they had carried his Enemy S. *Aubin*. The Marqueſs was not inclin'd to violent courſes, yet they apprehended he might uſe his Authority to ruine the unfortunate Perſon that ſo publickly ingag'd him. A Colonel, his Friend, was ſo officious, that to prevent a miſchief he dreaded ſo much, he met him by the way, and intreated him to go no further, aſſuring him S. *Aubin* was ſo deſperately ill, he could not live an hour longer. This was the Critical moment the Mar-

queſs really needed the aſſiſtance of his Friends, and had they not hindred him, he had certainly ſtabb'd himſelf. The Count *de Benavidez* mindful of the diſorder he had left him in, return'd as haſtily as he could, to let him know S. *Aubin*'s wound was not dangerous: But the Marqueſs, who began to relapſe into the extremity of his firſt Paſſion for *Chriſtina*, was ſo fully prepoſſeſt with the diſcourſe of the Colonel, that he thought the Count did out of kindneſs conceal the danger S. *Aubin* was in, and was loth to tell him News he knew would grieve him. This made the Marqueſs reſolve perſonally to viſit S. *Aubin* in his Cham-
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diſcoveries their firſt Enterview would occaſion before ſo many per-
[illegible] ſons

ſons who were of his Retinue, and then bore him Company. The Marqueſs yielded to the perſwaſions of his Friend, but not till the Chyrurgion had aſſur'd him, the wound he thought ſo dangerous would be cur'd in a ſhort time. The Marqueſs could not forbear telling the Chyrurgion his Life ſhould anſwer for S. *Aubin*'s; and ſwore to him, that if he dy'd, he ſhould be concern'd to make ready to follow him preſently into another World. This being paſt, they brought the Marqueſs home, where he was viſited by all the Perſons of Quality in the Court at *Bruſſels*, who complemented him for his pretended advantage: Some carried on the Complement ſo far, that they blam'd him for the trouble he was in, having ſo great reaſon to be ſatisfi'd with the advantage he had gain'd over one of the braveſt men of *France*. He was ſo tir'd with

theſe troubleſome Civilities, that to be rid of them, he was forc'd to give order to his Porter to ſay, he was not to be ſpoke with. The Count *de Benavidez* loth to leave him under ſo much vexation, ſtaid with him, in hopes by his Company to eaſe him a little of the Tyranny of his Paſſions. As ſoon as they were alone, the Marqueſs conjur'd him, to tell him truly what he thought of *Chriſtina*'s wound: The Count aſſur'd him it was very ſlight; and to pleaſure him, offer'd to prepare *Chriſtina* to receive his Viſit that night. This offer comforted the Marqueſs, and the Count had no ſooner made it, but he was forc'd to go home to find means to ſatisfie the impatience of his Friend. At his return, he found his Wife was gone to *Chriſtina*'s Chamber, and he took the advantage of it to give her a Viſit: When he had expreſt the trouble he was under for her

her misfortune, he assur'd her the Marquess was almost distracted at it, and begg'd her permission to throw himself at her feet. *Christina* thinking the Marquess still took her for S. *Aubin*, not knowing the Count had told him all, was extremely surpriz'd at the news; and answering, she passionately desir'd to justifie her self, and let the Marquess know she was incapable of betraying so generous a Friend, who had so highly oblig'd her. The Count hasted away to carry his Friend the good News, and shortly after both entred the Chamber where *Christina* lay, who taking upon her to be S. *Aubin*, assur'd the Marquess he could never have been satisfi'd with himself for being so unfortunate as to have disoblig'd him, had not the Counts Relation, and the generous Visit he was pleas'd personally to make him, given him reasonable hopes he was

ſatisfi'd of his Innocence. The kind Marqueſs, as if he had forgot *Chriſtina* had ever been S. *Aubin*, anſwer'd in terms full of tranſport and tenderneſs, praying her to change her Language, and quite rid her ſelf of that unfortunate Name of S. *Aubin*, that had ſo unhappily occaſion'd his miſtake, and ingag'd him blindly to attack a Life a thouſand times dearer to him than his own. He continued the diſcourſe with ſo much Paſſion and kindneſs, that *Chriſtina* finding it impoſſible to keep him longer in Errour, gave free vent to her tears, perhaps for joy ſhe found him ſo conſtant: However, ſhe pretended her ſelf angry with the Count for having broken his word in diſcovering her to the Marqueſs. The Marqueſs then telling her how much he long'd to know what had befallen her ſince ſhe left *Spain*, the Counteſs having obſerv'd how much he

he was concern'd for *Chriſtina*; ſav'd her the trouble of the Relation, and gave the Marqueſs a compleat Relation of all the Adventures *Chriſtina* had acquainted her with. The loving Marqueſs, who thought all along *Chriſtina* was Marri'd, but hearing no ſuch matter in all the Relation, was extremely impatient to know the truth of that particular. But the Count having bethought himſelf that longer diſcourſe might incommode the Sick Party, told his Friend of it, and prevail'd with him to withdraw.

The Marqueſs was ſo full of the Idea of *Chriſtina*, that he call'd to mind the ſmalleſt circumſtances of his firſt paſſion; and not able to comprehend how ſhe had left her Husband, his Love made him wiſh heartily he might find ſhe had not been Married. He could not give over muſing of his former Amour;

at length he remembred, that the Perſon he had imploid to carry her his Letter, and told him ſhe was Marry'd, was a Sergeant in a *Spaniſh* Regiment in Garriſon at *Valenciennes:* He preſently diſpatch'd a Meſſenger to bring him to him in all haſte: The Sergeant being arriv'd betimes the next morning, the Marqueſs lock'd him up with himſelf in his Chamber, and with horrible threats charged him to declare truly why he had deceiv'd him, and what reaſon he had to tell him his Miſtreſs was Married, whereas he was newly inform'd by a *French* Priſoner, ſhe never had been ſo. The Man was ſo aſtoniſht at the Marqueſſes Menaces, and betraid by his own Conſcience, that he ſtood for a while mute as a Fiſh: But being preſs'd to tell the truth, he fell at his feet, and confeſt he had been forced by the Marchioneſs his Mother to tell him that

Lye. The Marqueſs not deſiring to know any more, ſent back the Sergeant; and not doubting but *Chriſtina* had been always faithful to him, he reſolv'd to love her as long as he liv'd. A Servant he had ſent to enquire of her health, brought him word ſhe was much better: With that he went preſently to her, and entred her Chamber the moment they were going to bloud her: But the Chyrurgion remembring how terribly the Marqueſs had threatned him the day before, was ſo diſordered at the ſight of him, that he miſs'd the Vein twice; ſo that they were forc'd to pray the Marqueſs to withdraw, and ſent for another Chyrurgion, who had a better heart, and did the buſineſs. As great care as was taken to conceal *Chriſtina*'s Sex, her Combat with the Marqueſs was become the diſcourſe of the Town, and the noyſe of

of her Adventures had inſpir'd into all a curioſity about her: Every one ſpoke of her according to his humour: The Publick is never ſatisfi'd with the bare truth of things, and you may believe ſo many circumſtances added to the diſadvantage of the Counteſs in the ſtory of *Chriſtina*, that coming to her Husbands Ear, he could not forbear expreſſing to her his Reſentment, and in very harſh terms. The Counteſs having already entertain'd a ſecret jealouſie againſt *Chriſtina*, and perceiving her ſelf the Cully of all this Intrigue, was vext at the heart to ſee her ſelf robb'd of her Gallant, and at the ſame time in diſguſt with her Huſband. This made her reſolve to endeavour making ſure of the Marqueſs, being ſatisfi'd, that Guilty or Innocent, ſhe ſhould be equally odious to her Husband, having the misfortune to be already

dy ſuſpected by him. The deſign was ſcarce fram'd into her mind, but the Marqueſs entred her Chamber, intreating her, that ſince he could not with decency viſit *Chriſtina* alone any longer, ſhe would favour him with her company to *Chriſtina*'s Chamber. The Counteſs receiv'd him with more kindneſs than ordinary; and the Marqueſs ſenſible what advantage it might be to him to have her his Friend to do him good Offices with *Chriſtina*, laid hold on the occaſion, and anſwer'd her Civility ſo very obligingly, it gave her great ſatisfaction.

As ſoon as *Chriſtina* began to be ſomewhat better, ſhe was viſited by all the Perſons of Quality in the Court at *Bruſſels*, Curioſity moving ſeveral to ſee her, who had no other reaſon to perform that reſpect. Her ilneſs made her look much thinner than ordinary, but her

her Complexion had mended upon't, her long lying a-bed having recover'd the delicate white and red of her face, which the ſervice of War had miſerably tann'd. She appear'd very charming in very plain habit; and the Gentlemen of the Court expreſt ſo much eſteem for her, that it contributed very much to her cure. It may be ſaid to the praiſe of the *Spaniſh* Gentry, that they are the greateſt Gallants of any in *Europe*; and in menage of Intrigues, and carrying on the ſubtilties of neat and delicate Gallantry, exceed the *French*, who value themſelves ſo much upon it. They have the Sex in ſo great Veneration, that to praiſe their Miſtreſſes, they ſeldom ſcruple to run into profaneneſs: ſo that it will not appear ſtrange, that the miſerable condition of a Perſon beautiful as *Chriſtina*, confin'd to her Bed upon an occaſion ſo unuſual with thoſe

of

of her Sex, mov'd all thoſe who viſited her, to pity her extremely.

But the Count *de Salazar*, Governour of the Cittadel at *Antwerp*, had ſcarcely ſeen her, but he fell deſperately in Love with her. This Gentleman was a near Kinſman of the Counteſs *de Benavidez*, which gave him the advantage of viſiting her oftner than others. His Love tormented him, yet he durſt not complain of it, either fearing it might be in vain, or finding no ſmall reluctancy in himſelf to act ſo unfaithful a part againſt the Marqueſs *d'Oſſeyra* his Friend. Love obſerves no mean, when fixt on extraordinary perſons; and every Viſit the Count made *Chriſtina*, he found his Paſſion increaſe. At laſt it became ſo violent, he could not Maſter it: He thought it high time to make his Declaration, and reſolved twenty times to tell her how much he lov'd her, and twenty

ty times fail'd of the confidence to do it. After all, he reſolv'd to make his Kinſwoman his Confident; and having acquainted her with the vehemence of his Paſſion, the Counteſs pretending her ſelf very much concern'd for him, promis'd to ſerve him; though in truth the principal motive that ingag'd her in the affair, was her particular intereſt to rob *Chriſtina* of the Marqueſs, and at the ſame time to revenge her ſelf of her Husband for his jealouſie. *Salazar* aſſur'd of the Protection of the Counteſs, viſited *Chriſtina* very frequently, who as courteouſly receiv'd him, as introduc'd into her Acquaintance by the Marqueſs. *Chriſtina*'s Civility made *Salazar* believe the Counteſs had ſpoken to *Chriſtina* in his favour. Being full of this Opinion, he ſpoke to her with that liberty he durſt not otherwiſe have done. *Chriſtina* perceiving by *Salazar*'s diſcourſe he

was

was more concern'd for her Recovery than might be expected meerly from his friendſhip for the Marqueſs; made as if ſhe underſtood not his meaning; and to prevent the occaſion of a breach with him, anſwer'd in Railery his obliging expreſſions. *Salazar* applauded himſelf for the good ſucceſs of his firſt attempt: this confirm'd his Paſſion, and made him forget the reſpects he ſhould have retain'd for his Friend. The Counteſs *de Benavidez* omitted nothing the while to rekindle the Marqueſſes flame: But finding her endeavours vain to recover for her ſelf the affection of a heart which had newly ſubmitted it ſelf to the violence of its firſt impreſſions, which are ever the ſtrongeſt, ſhe bethought her ſelf of an expedient, which (ſhe doubted not) would make her Miſtreſs of her deſign; and the better to deceive *Chriſtina*, pretending her ſelf

ſelf very much her friend, ſhe told her, by way of confidence, ſhe had newly learn'd a ſecret *Chriſtina* was very much concern'd to know. When ſhe had made all the Preambles uſual to ſmooth the way for a piece of ill news, ſhe fell to aggravating the unhappineſs of Women that truſt the Oaths of men who make Love to them, when after her ſignal fidelity to the Marqueſs *d' Oſſeyra*, he was ſtill in doubt of her, and ſet on his Friend *Salazar* to try her, by pretending to love her: that the Conduct of the Marqueſs in this particular appear'd ſo criminal, when he had ſo great reaſon to reſt aſſur'd of her fidelity, that ſhe thought it her duty to make her acquainted with it as ſoon as her Kinſman *Salazar* had told her of it. *Chriſtina* calling to mind *Salazar*'s diſcourſe, thought the intelligence the Counteſs had given her of very great importance, and

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no leſs ſincerity; and having expreſt no ſmall reſentment againſt the Marqueſs, ſhe thank'd the Countèſs, and aſſur'd her ſhe would take her advantages of the advice ſhe had given her, and would make that fickle-headed Lover know the intereſt he had in her was not ſo well-grounded, but a proceeding ſo unhandſom and diſobliging as this might utterly deſtroy it. The Counteſs joyful to ſee her Intrigue take ſo well, and making no doubt but *Chriſtina* to be reveng'd of the Marqueſs would uſe *Salazar* well, made him ſenſible what good ſervice ſhe had done him, and told him he might declare himſelf freely, and never fear the ſucceſs. This made him wait on *Chriſtina* the oftner, and take his opportunity to make a formal Declaration of his Paſſion. *Chriſtina* received his Complement ſo gently and quietly, that *Salazar* flatter'd himſelf ſhe

was

was in Love with him. The Marqueſs obſerving how conſtant and diligent his Friend *Salazar* was in viſiting his Miſtreſs, began to apprehend he might be his Rival: And ſhe us'd him with that kindneſs in the Marqueſſes preſence, it almoſt diſtracted him. He made his complaints of it to *Chriſtina*, but ſhe made ſo light of all he ſaid, it vext him at the heart. The Counteſs watching all opportunities, took her advantage of theſe favourable circumſtances, to invite the Marqueſs more than ever: But all to no purpoſe; this threw her into abſolute deſpair, and made her reſolve to ſatisfie her Revenge if ſhe could not her Love. A Woman in that condition will ſacrifice any thing to her reſentment; and the Counteſs had recourſe to new Artifices to provoke *Chriſtina* againſt the Marqueſs, and him againſt *Salazar*: They were all ſo diſpos'd for

for her purpoſe, ſhe eaſily accompliſht her deſign. The Marqueſs and *Salazar* were at very high words; and the Governour of the *Spaniſh Netherlands* being inform'd of it, ordered them both to be ſecur'd. *Chriſtina* having newly recover'd her health, was ſo troubled ſhe had been the cauſe of ſo much noyſe, ſhe reſolv'd to return into *France*, and ſpend her life in a Covent, and be no longer the May-game of Love, and of Fortune. She imparted her reſolution to the Counteſs, who ſeeming to diſapprove it, offer'd ſome weak reaſons to divert her from the deſign, though in truth ſhe was glad at heart ſhe had taken that reſolution, in hopes to ſee ſo dangerous a Rival at further diſtance, which *Chriſtina* might have eaſily perceived, had ſhe not been prepoſſeſt to Blindneſs with the Opinion of ſincere kindneſs ſhe thought the Counteſs had for her.

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The Dutcheſs of *Arſchott* having about that time obtain'd a Paſs-port from his Majeſty of *France* to go from *Mons* to *Lille*, to ſettle ſome private affairs, paſs'd through *Bruſſels*. *Chriſtina* being in ſearch of means to execute her deſign, and looking upon this as a favourable occaſion for her return into *France* under the Paſs-port of the Dutcheſs, communicated her thoughts to the Counteſs, who ſeeing her reſolved, facilitated all things for her private retirement, that the Marqueſs might know nothing of it. She preſented her to the Dutcheſs, and ſaid in her favour whatever ſhe thought neceſſary to perſwade the Dutcheſs to take her along. The Dutcheſs received her very obligingly, and declar'd her ſelf very glad of the company of ſo lovely a Perſon. *Chriſtina* left *Bruſſels* abundantly ſatisfi'd, at leaſt in appearance, to have

have the opportunity of returning to her Country, yet not without a ſecret reluctance to be at ſo great a diſtance from the Marqueſs, for whom ſhe had more kindneſs than ſhe was aware of. The Amorous Marqueſs fail'd not a day to ſend to the Counteſs to inquire of his Miſtreſs: The Counteſs fearing he might have news of her departure timely enough to ſtay her, took care to tell thoſe who were going from the Marqueſs to her Lodging, that ſhe went to Bed very late the Night before, and deſired not to be awaked. The ſecond day the Counteſs laid her ſelf in the Bed *Chriſtina* uſually lay in, and counterfeiting her voice, anſwer'd the Perſon the Marqueſs had ſent to inquire of her health, that ſhe was much obliged to his Maſter for his care of her. The Counteſs had longer continued the Cheat, had not one of her Maids (who knew by

by experience the Marqueſs never fail'd to reward very liberally the ſmalleſt ſervices done him) given him intelligence of paſſages; thoſe who have been in Love can eaſily imagine the effect this News had upon the Marqueſs: He would preſently have followed her, but that he continued under Confinement: the thoughts of the ill condition he was in, inſpir'd into him a thouſand extravagant reſolutions, when he called to mind how he had loſt a perſon he had ſo dearly lov'd in the Flower of his Youth, and had luckily met with after ſo long ſeparation by extraordinary Adventures, and had no ſooner diſcover'd her, but he yielded himſelf abſolutely at her diſpoſe. He ſtrictly examin'd his Conduct in the affair, to the very ſmalleſt circumſtances, but could not find any cauſe to charge himſelf with having occaſion'd ſo ſudden a departure:

ture: it was not in his power to gueſs the reaſon of it, though ſufficiently aſſur'd he was not the cauſe of it; but he look'd upon her remove as fatal to him, who could not live ſeparated from her. Having tir'd himſelf with reflections, he thought he ſhould but labour in vain to retrieve her, who in all appearance was got already to *Lille*: Yet unwilling his paſſion ſhould juſtly reproach him to have omitted any thing in his power for recovering *Chriſtina*, he reſolv'd at all adventures, to pray the Duke *de Montalto*, General of the Horſe, and his very good Friend, to ſend out a ſtrong Party toward the way of *Lille*, with ſtrict Order to ſtay all they met with, whether with Paſs-port, or without. The Orders were punctually executed, and the Party brought in ſeveral who travelled with Paſs-ports, but no news of *Chriſtina*; and all this ado

ſerv'd only to make a great deal of diſorder, and give occaſion to the Rumor rais'd about that time, that the Duke *de Villa Hermoſa* had call'd in all his Paſs-ports.

The Marqueſs would not be diſcourag'd for all this, but ſearching the means to have a Letter convey'd to her, he found a man who promis'd to follow her to her very home, rather than fail to bring him an account of her. The Marqueſs in the condition he was in thought this ſome comfort; and having loaded the man with his liberality, and filled him with hopes of more, he diſpatch'd him away with this Letter:

WAs it in your Power to reſolve to be gone, and leave behind you the moſt paſſionate of Lovers? Did you not think me ſufficiently mortifi'd by your permitting Salazar *to preſume to make Love to you,*

you, but you muſt utterly deſtroy me by your unkind departure? Ah Cruel! Can you doubt that if you continue your Voyage, I will not quit my Charge, my Fortune, and (it may be) my Duty to follow you? I had done it already, but that I look'd on my Imployments as advantages that belong to you, and I ought to preſerve, to take away from you all pretence for reproaching my Love. Heaven is my Witneſs, that to ingage my ſelf to you with Bands indiſſoluble, I waited only the recovery of your health, with that extremity of impatience you might eaſily have perceiv'd, had you not been the moſt inſenſible perſon in the world. Let me know what ſhall become of me, and aſſure your ſelf, your Anſwer ſhall regulate the Deſtiny of the moſt faithful of Lovers,

The Marqueſs d' Oſſeyra.

When the kind Marqueſs had written this Letter, he read it ſeveral times, and finding it very agreeable to his ſentiments, thought it long till 'twas delivered to his Miſtreſs: But fearing the Bearer might by the way be taken by ſome Party, he reſolved to ſend a ſecond with ſuch another Letter, in hopes that if one miſcarried, the other might paſs ſafe.

Salazar was much troubled for *Chriſtina*'s departure, though the deſpair his Rival was in gave him ſome comfort: The paſſionate love he had for her, and the opinion he flatter'd himſelf with, that ſhe hated him not, made him ſend after her a truſty perſon, that upon his report he might the better take his meaſures for his future Conduct: And not long after the Marqueſſes Friends, and his, reconcil'd the two Rivals, and *Salazar* received Order to repair to his Government.

The

The Counteſs the while triumph'd for the good ſucceſs of her Artifices; and the paſſion her deſire of revenge had given birth to, was grown up to that violence by the reſiſtance it found from the Marqueſs, and the advantages ſhe promis'd her ſelf by the remove of her Rival, it was not in her power to conceal her joy and her tranſport from the paſſionate Lover; who far from anſwering her hopes, loaded her with reproaches; letting her know, he was not ignorant what Tricks ſhe had us'd to make his Miſtreſs fall out with him. This touch'd her to the quick, and put her into ſuch a confuſion, and ſo deſperate a fret, to ſee her Artifices diſcovered, ſhe took her Bed upon't that very day, and continued a long time very dangerouſly ill; the Phyſitians who attended her having never diſcover'd the cauſe of her diſtemper, but uſing Remedies

for Diſeaſes ſhe never was troubled with.

While the Counteſs was in Cure, the Dutcheſs of *Arſchott* was at *Lille*, ſo well-pleas'd with the agreeable Converſation of *Chriſtina*, that ſhe intreated her company, at leaſt for the time ſhe tarried at *Lille*. *Chriſtina* finding her ſelf ſtaid by reaſons ſhe could not maſter, eaſily conſented, being glad of a pretence to continue a little longer in *Flanders*. He whom *Salazar* had imploid to inquire after her, had learnt ſhe was to ſpend ſome days at the Dutcheſs of *Arſchott*'s; and as he returned to give *Salazar* that account, he met one of the Marqueſſes Meſſengers; and being a witty man, and well-acquainted with *Salazar*'s ſecrets, he preſently ſuſpected the Meſſengers buſineſs, and examin'd him ſo cunningly, that at laſt he diſcover'd the occaſion of his Journey:

And

And applying himſelf after to get out of his hands the Marqueſſes Letter, he ſet about him ſo dextrouſly, that he finger'd the Letter, and carried it to *Salazar*, who received it with all the ſatisfaction imaginable. But the Marqueſſes other Meſſenger more fortunate than his Fellow, delivered his Letter to *Chriſtina*; who heartily glad of it, was extremely ſatisfied to find the expreſſions ſo paſſionately kind, and anſwer'd it thus:

THank your own Jealouſie, and reproach not me ſo unjuſtly, that I admitted of Salazar's *Addreſſes: The paſſion of Love is none of the weakneſſes I am ſubject to; yet I muſt own, I make a great difference between you, and any other man; and find, that could you be conſtant to the ſentiments expreſt in your Letter, it will be very difficult for me to hold the reſolution I have ta-*

ken, never to love. The Dutcheſs of Arſchott *hath a deſire to keep me here, and I cannot deny her, without appearing unworthy of the kindneſs ſhe hath for me. In the mean time you may aſſure your ſelf, no perſon hath a greater reſpect for you than*

Chriſtina.

The Marqueſs having received this Letter two days after it was writ, was ſo well-pleas'd with it, that he never inquir'd whether both his Letters were delivered. He kiſs'd *Chriſtina*'s a thouſand times over; and impatiently longing to ſee her, he did nothing but think of the means how to do it. The enterprize was dangerous, and he ſaw well enough what a hazard he ſhould run to enter an Enemies Town, where the vigilance of the Governour juſtly heightned his apprehenſion of being ſurprized.

But Love, which never loves long debates, eſpecially ſuch as tend to keep it at diſtance from its object, quickly ſuggeſted an expedient the Marqueſs thought infallible. He procur'd from the Marſhal *d' Humiers* a Paſs-port for a Pedler of *Bruſſels* to go trade at *Lille*; and having got ſome *Engliſh Point*, the beſt he could meet with, he went for *Lille*, and eaſily got entrance to the Dutcheſs of *Arſchott*'s, under pretence to ſell his Points; which were ſo fine, and ſo very cheap, he ſold many of them to the Dutcheſs, and her Women. At laſt he was brought into *Chriſtina*'s apartment, who very luckily was alone in her Chamber, perhaps to read over the Marqueſſes Letter.

The Love ſhe had for him preſerv'd the Idea of him ſo freſh in her mind, that diſguiz'd as he was, ſhe knew him at firſt ſight; and

concealing her surprize, she pray'd the Dutchesses Maid who had brought in the Pedler, to go call another Maid who had good skill in Points. By good fortune that Maid was abroad, and she who had been to call her being withdrawn, the two Lovers having clear'd all misunderstandings, and the Marques having justifi'd himself, they had the opportunity to express themselves with all the freedom and tenderness imaginable. *Christina* quarrell'd with him for having expos'd himself to such evident danger: the Marques took that occasion to tell her, that if she were so much concern'd for his danger, as she appear'd, she might easily prevent his exposing himself for the future, by permitting him to take her back with him to *Brussels*, and marry her. She confest with some trouble, she could find in her heart to do it; yet found by her

her ſelf, it would be impoſſible for her to reſolve to be married to an Enemy of the Kings: What, interrupts the Marqueſs, would you have me then be a Traytor to my Prince, and my Country? I am not ſo unjuſt, replies *Chriſtina*, nor can I think you capable of ſuch a thought, and ſhould eſteem you much leſs if you were: But there is hope the War will not laſt ever; and the ſcruples you make to be marry'd to an Enemy of your Prince, I may very juſtly pretend to, would my love give me leave: Do not you think we ſufficiently eſpouſe the Quarrel of our Soveraigns, by ſacrificing every day our Lives and our Fortunes to their Intereſt, without making our Love a part of the Sacrifice? But pray, let's have no more of theſe matters of State, but imploy better the moments of a Converſation hath coſt me ſo dear. Company coming

in

in as he was ſpeaking, *Chriſtina* was forced to diſmiſs the pretended Pedler, and appoint him to come two hours after to her, being unwilling to buy any thing till ſhe had firſt ſhewn it to one who had judgment in it. He went away diſpleas'd he was ſo unhappily interrupted. *Chriſtina* ſeeing it would be hard for her to have private diſcourſe with him, writ him a Billet which ſhe reſolv'd to deliver him ſecretly, to let him know her mind.

The ſuppos'd Pedler being return'd at the hour aſſign'd, *Chriſtina* who was in the Dutcheſſes Chamber went to meet him at the door, and told him aloud, ſhe had as much *Engliſh Point* as ſhe needed, and would buy none but *Spaniſh*, which pleas'd her beſt of any. With that ſhe neatly ſlipped into the Marqueſſes hand a Billet to this effect:

I Cannot without fear ſee you here: if you love me, provide for your ſafety, and ſtay not a moment in a place ſo dangerous for you as this. Time peradventure will be more favourable to us than we can hope for at preſent. The Dutcheſs is ſo obliging, I doubt not but ſhe will ingage me to continue here longer: if I comply with her, you may believe 'tis much for your ſake. Once more, let me beg you inſtantly be gone, and think that my repoſe depends on your ſafety.

The Marqueſs having underſtood by this Billet the diſquiet of his Miſtreſs, return'd for *Bruſſels*, and appear'd at Court before they miſs'd him: the Dutcheſs of *Arſchott* was the mean time viſited by all the Perſons of Quality at *Lille*, her Merit no leſs than the reſpect due to her Birth, drawing

to

to her Houſe all the good company of the Town. The Marchioneſs *de Belabre*, in her return from *Paris*, (where ſhe had been caſt in her Suit) gave the Dutcheſs a Viſit, and was extremely ſurpriz'd at the ſight of *Chriſtina* there, whom ſhe preſently knew for S. *Aubin*; and calling to mind the laſt years Carnaval, ſhe made no doubt but Love had a great ſhare in this new diſguize; and according to moſt Womens humour, thinking it a mighty matter to penetrate the depth of an Amorous Intrigue, ſhe was ready to applaud her ſelf for the diſcovery ſhe had made; and to carry on her deſign, came frequently to the Dutcheſſes. *Chriſtina* having been very well acquainted with the Marchioneſs at *Paris*, preſently knew her; and not able to forbear bluſhing as often as ſhe ſaw her, ſhe reſolv'd to take her time to ſpeak to her in private, and undeceive

ceive her: But the Marchioneſs out of exceſs of diſcretion always avoided her; and perceiving it troubled *Chriſtina*, ſhe came to her one day, and whiſper'd her in the Ear, *Trouble not your ſelf, and never fear me, I can keep my Friends counſel.* *Chriſtina* endeavour'd to diſabuſe her, but in vain. The Marchioneſs having a ſtrong fancy ſhe knew the Lady had ingag'd S. *Aubin* to put on this diſguize, though ſhe made a thouſand falſe gueſſes: for as ſoon as ſhe ſaw S. *Aubin* ſpeak to any Lady, immediately ſhe concluded ſhe was the Perſon.

After much labour in vain, and fruitleſs obſervation, the Marchioneſs made the Baroneſs of S. *Sauveur* her Confident in the buſineſs, imparting to her the Mighty Myſtery; imagining S. *Aubin* not miſtrufting the Baroneſs, ſhe would not be ſo reſerv'd in her preſence;

and

and ſo ſhe might eaſily find out the truth of what ſhe earneſtly deſir'd to know. The Baroneſs being a young Lady, and of a very jovial humour, was raviſh'd with joy at the diſcovery of ſuch a Secret, and applying her ſelf to a buſineſs ſo ſuitable to her humour, ſhe obſerv'd *Chriſtina* with a great deal of care, though little ſatisfaction. Angred at her ill ſucceſs, and apprehending the Marchioneſs would impute it to her want of Addreſs, ſhe doubled her diligence, and watch'd *Chriſtina* more narrowly than before: But all this care and extremity of attention ſerv'd for no more, than to make her take better notice of the good meen of the pretended Gentleman. She thought him ſo amiable, and took ſuch delight in viewing him, that in a ſhort time ſhe found her Curioſity had produc'd an effect quite other than ſhe expected, having

inſenſibly ingag'd her in a paſſion for S. *Aubin* which was already ſo ſtrong, ſhe perceiv'd ſhe was not Miſtreſs of it. This made her long for an intimate acquaintance with ſo Charming a Perſon; and the better to obtain it, ſhe ſought for occaſions of ſeeing and diſcourſing her; which was eaſie to find, all Perſons of Quality having free acceſs to the Dutcheſſes. *Chriſtina* ſatisfi'd the longing of the Baroneſs with ſo good a Grace, ſhe was no leſs pleas'd with her Civility, than taken with her good meen. She was a hundred times upon the point of telling her, ſhe knew the ſecret of her Sex; and that natural modeſty that ſticks ſo cloſe to Women well-born, made her as often change her reſolution, and quit her deſign. After many Conflicts in her heart, where Love, Modeſty, Freedom and Reſervedneſs ſtrove in vain to get the better

one

one over the other, ſhe found *Chriſtina* alone, and adventur'd to tell her, ſhe had never known a Perſon ſo deſerving of Love as ſhe was, and that had Heaven made her of a Sex different from hers, ſhe ſhould have found it very difficult to ſave her ſelf from paſſion for a perſon ſo amiable. *Chriſtina* who thought of nothing leſs than Love, thought this diſcourſe an effect of her friendſhip; and anſwer'd, ſhe was extremely oblig'd to her for her kindneſs, aſſuring her ſhe would endeavour to return it her with all the tenderneſs of affection ſhe was capable of. The Baroneſs having already advanc'd ſo far, was not ſatisfi'd with ſo cold an anſwer: However, ſhe thought it neceſſary to appear content for the preſent, and to prevent the loſs of all, ſhe imbrac'd her tenderly, and gave her many thanks. The Dutcheſs coming in, and finding them in that poſture,

poſture, ask'd the reaſon. The Baroneſs who thought her imbraces as criminal as *Chriſtina* believ'd them innocent, anſwer'd with ſome trouble (for a pretence to deceive the Dutcheſs) that ſhe was upon going, and could not take leave without imbracing her dear friend: What ſhe ſaid was believ'd, not one having perceived how heartily ſhe was vext to leave a Houſe where ſhe ſo much lov'd to be.

Every time the Marchioneſs ſaw the Baroneſs *de* S. *Sauveur*, ſhe ask'd if ſhe had not found out the reaſons why S. *Aubin* had diſguiz'd himſelf: But having no account to ſatisfie her Curioſity, ſhe became more impatient, and reſolv'd to know it one way or other. Having mus'd awhile, ſhe reſolv'd to tell her (whom ſhe thought S. *Aubin*) of the buſineſs, and to oblige him to impart to her the ſecret of his Love; and in caſe of refuſal, to

threaten

threaten him ſhe would publiſh the ſecret of his Sex. *Chriſtina* extremely ſurpriz'd with the Propoſal, would have undeceiv'd her, by making her a faithful Relation of her Adventures. But the Marchioneſs prepoſſeſt with an Opinion ſhe ſpoke to S. *Aubin*, gave no credit to the diſcourſe, telling him, ſhe would allow him till that time to morrow to think on't, aſſuring him he might relye on her diſcretion; but if he delay'd any longer to acquaint her with the ſecret, ſhe would certainly ſpoil all. *Chriſtina* who conceal'd nothing from the Dutcheſs, gave her an account of the perplexity ſhe was in, by the earneſt ſolicitations of the Marchioneſs. This was good ſport for them, and made them laugh heartily, and reſolve together, ſince the Marchioneſs was ſo abſolutely bent to be deceiv'd, and not be diſabus'd, they would for their divertiſement

afford

afford their help to deceive her: the ſole queſtion remain'd was, what Lady ſhould be the Object of the pretended paſſion: Several were in nomination, but none ſo likely to take as the Baroneſs *de* S. *Sauveur*, being a handſom and jovial young Lady, and *Chriſtina*'s intimate friend. The Marchioneſs being told of it, was ſurpriz'd at the news, but promis'd to keep his counſel, and expreſt great ſatisfaction at the confidence he repos'd in her.

Chriſtina, by agreement with the Dutcheſs affected thenceforward ſo much kindneſs and care for the Baroneſs *de* S. *Sauveur*, and to appear ſo much concern'd for her, and ſtill long for her company, which the Baroneſs anſwer'd on her part with a great deal of pleaſure, that the Marchioneſs having often obſerv'd them, was confirm'd in her Errour; and inwardly applauding

her

her ſelf for having ſo luckily diſco-
ver'd the Intrigue, would need
make the Baroneſs ſenſible of it
that ſhe might know her ſelf at her
mercy for the diſcovery. And not
longer able to keep a ſecret which
was already a burden to her, ſhe
gave her a viſit; and having re-
proach'd her for not dealing clearly
by her, in concealing her know-
ledge of S. *Aubin*'s paſſion; In ear-
neſt, ſays ſhe, by way of Railery,
was not ill prepar'd to penetrate
S. *Aubin*'s concerns, and you have
acted your part very well, only 'tis
pity you had not to do with a
Fool. All things ſeem'd to con-
ſpire to deceive the Marchioneſs;
for the Baroneſs bluſhing, made her
think that change of her counte-
nance an effect of her confuſion at
the diſcovery ſhe had made: You
do not deſerve, adds the Marchio-
neſs, I ſhould uſe ſo much diſcretion
in your concern, who were ſo un-
willing

willing to make me of your coun-
el: But fear me not, had I not
romis'd S. *Aubin* ſecreſie at his
onfeſſion, the reſpect I have for
ou would oblige me to ſilence.
he Baroneſs ſurpriz'd at the diſ-
ourſe, ſtood mute for ſome time,
ot knowing what to think on't:
ut as we eaſily believe what we
aſſionately deſire, the Baroneſs no
nger doubting but S. *Aubin* lov'd
er, and that the Marchioneſs
oke in good earneſt, quickly paſt
ut of a great aſtoniſhment into a
r greater joy: If a man will love
ne, ſays ſhe, how can we help it?
Would you not think it hard to
row a Gentleman into deſpair,
ho does things ſo extraordinary
r his Miſtreſs, and demonſtrates
his actions the violence of his
aſſion? I will pardon you, replies
e Marchioneſs, your want of con-
dence in me hitherto, upon condi-
on you will hide nothing from me
for

for the future. It was agreed, and they parted both very well-pleas'd with their miſtakes; the Marchioneſs to ſee her ſelf the Confident in an Intrigue ſhe had ſo great a deſire to penetrate; the Baroneſs to be aſſured by ſo good a hand things that did ſo much flatter her paſſion. She was ſo fully perſwaded S. *Albin* was in love with her, ſhe began to repent ſhe had been ſo forward to let him know the kindneſs ſhe had for him, fearing it might have leſſen'd the eſteem ſhe could wish he ſhould have for her. This made her reſolve to force her ſelf into more reſervedneſs, and be more ſhy for a while, to ſet an edge on his paſſion. It fell out as ſhe wiſhed; for *Chriſtina* to maintain throughout the part ſhe was to act for the Dutcheſſes divertiſement and her own, was every day kinder than other to the Baroneſs, who through diſſimulation (uſual with

Wom

Women) receiving *Chriſtina*'s Courtſhip very coldly, hop'd by that means to heighten the paſſion of her ſuppoſed Lover.

Chriſtina not knowing the intention of the Baroneſs, nor the reaſons ſhe us'd her ſo, took ſo ill the ſlight return ſhe made of her Civilities, that ſhe forbore the continuance of them, and ſhunn'd her company, to prevent occaſions of diſcourſe with her. The Baroneſs perceiving it, could not brook this indifference above a day; the morrow ſhe goes to *Chriſtina*, and in ſome heat ask'd her what ſhe had done to be ſlighted ſo by her, and make her affect avoiding her company, as ſhe obſerv'd ſhe did. She let fall ſome other haſty words, which ſurpriz'd *Chriſtina* extremely; who anſwer'd, ſhe had never been wanting to the friendſhip ſhe had promis'd her; but that the Baroneſs had appear'd ſo cold the day

before towards her, ſhe had no reaſon to wonder it had made her more ſhy. The Baroneſs was ſo impatient, ſhe would not allow her time to finiſh, but imbrac'd her inſtantly, and was upon the point of telling her, 'twas in vain to endeavour concealing his Sex from her, who knew it already, by very good information: But ſhe forbore foreſeeing ſhe could not with decency take ſome little liberties with S. *Aubin* diſcover'd ſhe us'd with *Chriſtina* diſguiz'd. Never did Woman love more to deceive her ſelf, and never was there love of ſo ſingular a Character. Preſs'd by her paſſion, ſhe gave S. *Aubin* thouſand occaſions to declare him ſelf to be what ſhe took him for but finding all would not do, and attributing it to his fear, ſhe ſtudied a thouſand expedients to accompliſh an Adventure ſhe could not endure ſhould hang in ſuſpence.

Time

Time furniſh'd her with an unexpected occaſion: Her Husband being gone one Evening for the Country, ſhe ſat up very late at the Dutcheſſes, and having cunningly let fall a word, ſhe would willingly lye there that night: She ask'd one of the Dutcheſſes Women if ſhe would admit her her Bedfellow: *Chriſtina* offer'd her a part of her Bed; the Baroneſs at firſt ſeem'd loth to accept of it, for fear of incommoding her, but at laſt ſhe was perſwaded, the Maid ſhe had firſt ſpoken to having a Bedfellow already, which the Baroneſs knew, though ſhe pretended the contrary.

When they were juſt ready to go to bed, the Baroneſs retaining ſome remains of modeſty, was ſo troubled, and out of countenance, ſhe knew not what ſhe did. But to give her dying Vertue ſome ſmall ſatisfaction for the diſorder her paſſion had brought her in, ſhe told

Chriſtina ſhe would have only on
corner of the bed, where ſhe pray'
her to let her ſleep quietly withou
touching her all night. *Chriſti*
very readily promis'd what ſhe d
ſir'd, and as readily perform'd
When the Lights were taken
way, the *Baroneſs* who expect
with impatience the darkneſs
long'd for, was aſtoniſht to fi
Chriſtina faſt aſleep. At firſt
thought it her own fault, and th
her Gallant feign'd himſelf aſle
to expreſs his obedience to he
yet ſhe knew not what to thi
on't. *But* having long expected
vain to find him more confide
ſhe ask'd him if he were aſlee
but receiving no anſwer, it alm
put her beſide her ſelf. She fel
ſighing, but her ſighs as little
fected *Chriſtina*, who was in a d
ſleep. The *Baroneſs* thought tw
ty times to awake her, but ſha
and vexation made her forb

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Never
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I adviſe
hat bec
already
habit yo
deſpair,

Never had Woman ſo bad a night, though never Woman expected a better. At length it was day; and ſeeing her inſenſible Lover lye ſtill as a Stock, ſhe dreſs'd her ſelf hatily; and the deſpair ſhe was in not permitting her to quit the Room without leaving behind her ſome mark of her reſentment, ſhe found Pen, Ink and Paper ready on the Table, and writ immediately this Billet:

I Have receiv'd from you the moſt ſenſible outrage a Lady can ſuffer; but 'tis what I deſerv'd, having ſo blindly abandon'd my ſelf to a paſſion for a man who knew no better to anſwer it. I muſt now endeavour to cover my ſhame: As for you, I adviſe you to continue the diſguize that becomes you ſo well. You have already the modeſty of the Sex whoſe habit you carry; and you are not to deſpair, but Heaven ſenſible of its

Errour in making you a Man, m take from you that little you have r maining of that Sex.

The Baroneſs having written th Letter, laid it on *Chriſtina*'s To lette, and withdrew. As ſoon ſhe got home, ſhe feign'd ſhe ha been all night up at Play; and h ving had her ſelf undreſt, went pr ſently to bed, which you may b lieve was not very eaſie to he *Chriſtina* at getting up havin found the Billet, dreſt her ſelf in haſte to carry it to the Dutcheſs: made them good ſport; and whe they reflected on the courſe the B roneſs had taken to get an intere in *Chriſtina*, they concluded th Marchioneſs had imparted her ſe cret to her, and ſo involv'd her i the ſame Errour with her ſelf.

The Dutcheſs was concern'd a it, and had the goodneſs to go to the Baroneſs to undeceive her; and having

having fully told her what ſhe knew of the buſineſs, at laſt, though with difficulty, diſabus'd her. She would have gone thence to the Marchioneſs of *Belabre* to do her the like good office: but the *Baro*neſs ſufficiently confounded already, and fearing further explication might reflect more on her Credit, intreated the Dutcheſs to ſay no more of it, but to leave the Marchioneſs to her miſtakes, as not daring to truſt her diſcretion in ſo tender a point, where the matter appear'd ſo fit for mirth, and her Reputation was ſo deeply concern'd.

The Dutcheſs had now almoſt finiſh'd her buſineſs at *Lille*, and had written to *Bruſſels* ſhe would return thither ſpeedily, and hop'd to bring *Chriſtina* back again with her. The Counteſs *de Benavidez*, who was pretty well recover'd, and had not loſt by her ſickneſs any

part of her paſſion for the Marque
a' Oſſeyra, hearing talk of *Chr*
ſtina's return, was ſo frighted
the News, ſhe made it her buſine
by all means to prevent it; and
length found an occaſion to have
Letter writ to the Dutcheſs of *A*
ſchott by a Lady, and of her be
Friends, to inform her ſhe was wi
impatience expected at *Bruſſel*
that her concerns being very de
to her, ſhe thought fit to acquai
her there was great murmuring
Court that ſhe had thoughts
bringing back *Chriſtina*, who wou
not fail to give intelligence to t
French of all ſhe could learn
Bruſſels; at leaſt it would be b
liev'd ſo, *Chriſtina* being alrea
under ſuſpition of Guilt in that p
ticular. The Dutcheſs being hig
ly concern'd to hold fair with t
Spaniards, and fearing their je
louſie of her long ſtay at *Lille*,
ſpecially ſince the News ſpread
Flande

Flanders of her having had a hand in the Marriage of the Prince of *Izinguien* with the Daughter of the Marſhal *d' Humiers*, look'd upon the advice as not to be ſlighted: And whatever kindneſs ſhe had for *Chriſtina*, ſhe could not find in her heart to expoſe her ſelf to ruine for her ſake, in praying her to bear her company to *Bruſſels*. As they were alone one day, the Dutcheſs took her opportunity to make a long diſcourſe of the ſtate of her affairs, and the neceſſity ſhe was under to avoid any thing that might give a jealouſie of her to the *Spaniards*: adding, that this oblig'd her to be very cautious in her Conduct, and to deny her ſelf many things in themſelves very agreeable to her. *Chriſtina* had too much Wit not to apprehend the meaning of this diſcourſe, and anſwer'd, ſhe had for the ſame reaſons reſolv'd to return into *France*, as ſoon as ſhe

ſhould receive Anſwer to a Letter ſhe had writ into her Country; and in the mean time to put her ſelf into a Covent. They concluded their diſcourſe with mutual aſſurances of Eternal Friendſhip; and two days before the Dutcheſs left *Lille*, *Chriſtina* entred the Covent of the Nuns of S. *Thomas*.

The Marqueſs *d' Oſſeyra* ſeeing the Dutcheſs arriv'd at *Braſſels* without *Chriſtina*, was very much alarm'd at it, and went in great haſte to inquire the news of her. When he heard ſhe was gone into a Nunnery, it extremely diſturb'd him, not knowing what reaſon ſhe had for it: But the Counteſs *de Benavidez* watching all occaſions to vex him, dextrouſly gave out, that *Chriſtina* had long ſince privately communicated to her the diſguſt ſhe had for the World, and the deſign ſhe had eſpous'd to ſpend her days in a Religious Houſe. This coming

coming to the Marqueſſes ear, the violence of his affection allow'd him ſo little time of conſideration, that he went away that Evening for *Lille*, with his former Paſs-port as a Pedler; and made ſuch haſte, that he would have been there timely the next day, had he not been unfortunately ſtaid by the way by Robbers, who pretending themſelves Souldiers of the Garriſon of *Ypres*, got together to the number of ſeven, and robbed Travellers without any regard to their Paſs-ports. They led away the Marqueſs into a very thick Wood, where deceiv'd by his Habit and Paſs-ports, they took him for a Trades-man, and forc'd him to draw a Bill of Exchange upon ſome of his Correſpondents, threatning to kill him if it were not paid at ſight; and that in the mean time he ſhould ſtay with them for ſecurity. The Marqueſs was in no ſmall perplexity,

not

not knowing who to draw the *Bill* on; and if he diſcover'd himſelf, they would certainly kill him, for fear of being puniſht by him when once at liberty: what courſe ſoever he took, death ſeem'd inevitable; but to gain time, he gave them a *Bill* upon an Inn-keeper at *Bruſſels*, who had been his Servant, and knew his Character. When he had written it in the moſt preſſing terms for payment at ſight, they could not agree which of them ſhould be truſted with it for receiving ſo conſiderable a Sum: At laſt they pitch'd upon two of their Company whom they put moſt confidence in: The Marqueſs in the mean time endeavour'd to inſinuate himſelf with the Robbers, letting them know he could ſcarce find in his heart to be angry with them, not doubting but that they had been reduc'd to that way of living through the avarice of their Officers,

Officers, who perhaps defrauded them of the poor Pay their Prince allow'd them; and that he thought himſelf happy, in falling into their hands who us'd him ſo civilly, and were ſatisfied with a little Money. The deſire he had to ſee *Chriſtina* made the Marqueſs deſcend into Complaiſances for ſaving his life, he had diſdain'd to ſtoop to on any other ſcore: Theſe were ſo agreeable to their humour, that he was preſently very familiar with them, and they us'd him more kindly than at firſt, and made him ſup with them. The morrow betimes they ſent away one of their Comrades to buy in Proviſions; the Marqueſs ſeeing their number leſſen'd, and fearing the return of thoſe who were gone to receive the Money on his Bill, reſolv'd to ſeize one of their Swords, and die at leaſt with his Weapon in his hand. One of the four who ſtaid

in

in the Wood, watch'd always while the other ſlept: The Marqueſs feigning himſelf very ſleepy, the Watchman obſerving it himſelf, went a little further into the Wood. The Marqueſs to loſe no time, inſtantly ſeiz'd their Guns before any of them awak'd: but being too generous to kill men in their ſleep, he took out the priming out of two of the Guns, having the other two in readineſs to be diſcharged: Then went he to meet him who was gone into the Wood, and having threatned to kill him if he made the leaſt reſiſtance, he told him he was unwilling to take the advantage he had againſt him, and his Fellows, and was content they ſhould have the Money on the Bill of Exchange, but that for his ſafe paſſage through the Wood he muſt have his company a League further, aſſuring him he would do him no harm. The Robber believing a

Trades-

Trades-man incapable of ſo bold a reſolution, and aſtoniſht to hear him ſpeak ſo ſtoutly, was forc'd to obey, and do whatever the Marqueſs commanded him. They were ſcarce got out of the Wood, but they were met by a Party of Horſe of the Garriſon of *Lille*. The Marqueſs immediately preſented his Paſs-port; but having been taken with two Piſtols about him, and in a quarter very ſuſpitious, they told him, he made uſe of his Paſsports to rob the more ſafely: The Marqueſs to clear himſelf, told them, he had been robb'd in that Wood, and related truly what had paſt, and how he had eſcap'd out of the Robbers hands, which made the Troopers reſolve to enter the Wood to ſeize upon the Thieves. But the Commander having bethought himſelf this diſcourſe might be a meer invention of the Marqueſſes, to draw them perhaps into

into ſome Ambuſh, ordered onl
ten Horſemen to diſmount, and g
into the quarter the Priſoner ſhoul
lead them, where they found th
Rogues, and took them without r
ſiſtance. They were all brought t
Lille, and having confirm'd all th
Marqueſs had ſaid, he had his libe
ty, and no doubt made but he wa
as he pretended, a Trades-man
What became of the Robbers,
know not, though likely they we
hang'd: But 'tis certain, the Ma
queſs impatiently longing for new
of *Chriſtina*, went ſtrait to the Co
vent where he had been told ſh
was. When he was come; the
told him there was no ſpeakin
with any of the Nuns, that da
being ſet aſide for receiving
French Gentlewoman into the Ha
bit.

The reports which had paſt o
Chriſtina's having taken that reſo
lution, and the Marqueſſes fears

made him believe it was ſhe. Confirm'd in this Opinion by his deſperate Love, he buſtled through the Croud, and without further inquiry, addreſs'd himſelf to the Prieſt ready to begin the Ceremony, and pray'd him to ſtay till he had ſpoke with the Abbeſs. Thoſe who obſerv'd with what diſorder he pronounc'd his words, were ſurpriz'd; and the Prieſt who had prepar'd an Elegant diſcourſe in praiſe of a Religious Life, was afraid he ſhould be oblig'd to reſerve it for another occaſion. The Marqueſs in the mean time was got to the Grate, and the Abbeſs appearing, he told her he was come to acquaint her, the Perſon ſhe intended to receive into the Number of her Siſters had promis'd him Marriage, and all the Vows ſhe ſhould make would be null. The Abbeſs much ſurpriz'd, call'd the Maid to the Grate, and having told her

her what the Marqueſs had ſaid, ſhe charg'd her to declare the truth. The Young Maid, already ſufficiently perplex'd, under the apprehenſion of that variety of Functions ſhe was to undergo that day, thought the diſcourſe of the Abbeſs a piece of formality, uſually obſerv'd on ſuch occaſions, the better to aſſure her ſelf of the willingneſs of thoſe who took the Habit; and turning toward the Siſter who had the care of her Education, ſhe ask'd her very Innocently, what Anſwer to make. This, and the confuſion in the Marqueſſes countenance at the ſight of a Perſon he knew not, made all believe ſhe was in good earneſt. And the people cry'd out the man was a Fool. The Marqueſs defended himſelf ſo ill, that the diſtraction of his looks, and his ſilence, made them abſolutely conclude he was mad; and they drove him out of the Congre-

gation

gation, without his being able once to make his Complaint.

While his paſſion procur'd him all this ill uſage, his friends were extremely concern'd for his perſon. The Inn-keeper at *Bruſſels* having been much preſt by the Thieves to pay his Correſpondents Bill of Exchange, knew the hand, and pretending he would pay them, went to the Marqueſſes quarters, and ſhew'd the Bill to one of his principal Servants, who confirm'd it was of his Maſters hand-writing, which made them believe he was in the Robbers hands: They apply'd themſelves to the Duke *de Montalto*, whom they knew to be his very good friend; and having ſhew'd him the Bill, the Duke cauſed the two men, who demanded payment of it, to be preſently arreſted; and having ſeverely threatned them, they confeſt all. The Duke was in fear for the danger of his

his Friend, and went out in Perſon in the Head of a Party of three hundred Horſe, and ſome Dragoons. When he came to the Wood where the two Robbers had left their Comrades, he plac'd Guards at all the Avenues, and went in himſelf at the Head of his Dragoons, and ſo croſs'd all the Woods, but found not one perſon. This heighten'd his fear, and made him detach three ſeveral Parties, ſending them away into ſeveral quarters, to endeavour a diſcovery where theſe Rogues had their refuge, but all to no purpoſe; ſo that he was forc'd to return without having any account of his Friend.

The morrow, a ſervant of the Marqueſſes impatient for news of him, and thinking he might find him at *Lille*, put himſelf into *Boors* habit, and went in ſearch of him. As ſoon as he was arriv'd at *Lille*, he

he pretended he had a Letter for *Chriſtina*; and having got her call'd to the grate of the Covent ſhe was in, he ask'd her privately what news of the Marqueſs. *Chriſtina* not able to give him any account of him, the Servant acquainted her with the departure of the Marqueſs from *Bruſſels*, the adventure of the Bill of Exchange, and all other circumſtances of his abſence. *Chriſtina* who found in her heart a ſtronger inclination for the Marqueſs than ſhe thought ſhe had, was ſo concern'd for his misfortune, that the trouble ſhe was in at the news convinc'd her of the height of the paſſion ſhe had for him. She earneſtly pray'd the Man to return inſtantly for *Bruſſels*, not to omit any thing, to learn ſome news of his Maſter, and to let her know without delay the ſucceſs of his care. Before ſhe could make an end of theſe few words, her tears betray'd

tray'd the affection of her heart. When the Servant was gone, ſhe paſt ſome hours in thoſe inquietudes none can comprehend but thoſe only who have been in Love. The mean time the Marqueſſes Servant being an honeſt *Fleming*, and very devout, deſpairing to find his Maſter, goes into a Church, and having heartily pray'd God to inſpire him where to meet with the Marqueſs, he no ſooner turn'd himſelf about toward the Church-door to go out, but he ſpy'd the Marqueſs ſtanding before him; and not able to contain himſelf, cry'd out at the Miracle. The Marqueſs alſo aſtoniſht at ſo unexpected an accident, had much ado to make his Man hold his peace; and giving out he was his Comrade, he told thoſe who came running in at the report of the Miracle, that the Man was a little crack'd, and had often ſuch Fits. They got off by this

this Artifice, and went into a houſe where the Marqueſs had lain. His Man gave him an account of what had paſt at *Bruſſels*, and of the diſorder *Chriſtina* was in at the news; the tears ſhe ſhed, and the lamentable condition he left her in. The Marqueſs, who after the laſt days work durſt not appear at the Covent-gate, was raviſh'd with joy at the news of her being ſo concern'd for his misfortunes; and having got her call'd for by his Man, he ſlipt into the Speaking-room, and quickly reviv'd her by his preſence. Never was Converſation more tender than theirs; 'twas not in *Chriſtina*'s power to reproach her Lover with any thing the violence of his paſſion for her could not preſently juſtifie. She promis'd him once for all, never to be any mans but his, and pray'd him not to expoſe himſelf again to ſo many accidents, aſſuring him ſhe had already written

written into her Country to deſire the Abbot *Dizeſte*, who had the management of her Affairs, to take a journey into *Flanders* to agree with him about her Marriage. The Marqueſs well ſatisfied with theſe fair hopes, that ſhe might be at eaſe, withdrew ſooner than he would have done, and return'd to *Bruſſels*, where his Friends by their joy to ſee him again, convinc'd him of the trouble they were in by the fears they had been under of having loſt him: To keep them in ignorance, leſt they ſhould diſcover the myſtery of his abſence, he gave out he had loſt himſelf a Hunting (a Sport he was known to uſe) and was taken by Robbers, who having detain'd him three days, ſet him at liberty. This paſt for current, being ſo very probable, only the Counteſs of *Benavidez* would not believe it, her Jealouſie having given her a true gueſs at the cauſe of his

his abſence; it vex'd her to that height, ſhe preſently reſolv'd to leave no ſtone unturn'd to break the Correſpondence between the Marqueſs and *Chriſtina*.

About this time news came to *Bruſſels*, the *French* Troops were on their march: it was very early in the year, and the *Spaniſh* Generals were extremely alarm'd to hear of an Army in the Field in *January*, in a very cold ſeaſon. All the conſiderable Officers came to *Bruſſels* to aſſiſt the Governour of the *Spaniſh Netherlands* with their counſel in a conjuncture of this importance. Count *Salazar* being arriv'd there one of the firſt, and having given the Counteſs of *Benavidez* a Viſit, ſhe endeavour'd to revive his paſſion for *Chriſtina*, reproaching him with his indifference, and acquainting him the ſame time with the dangers his Rival had expos'd himſelf to for a

ſight of her. *Salazar*, who had been diſcourag'd from ſeeing *Chriſtina* by the difficulties appear'd in the attempt, was ſomewhat aſham'd; and to cover his coolneſs with a plauſible pretence, and let her ſee he had not been wanting to his Duty, he bethought himſelf of putting a Trick on his Kinſwoman, and perſwading her he was more in *Chriſtina*'s Books than ſhe made account. The Counteſs anſwer'd, She could hardly believe it: He offer'd to make it out, and deſir'd only time to ſtep to his Quarters to do it. 'Twas not long e're he return'd, and brought her a very paſſionate Letter of the Marqueſſes to *Chriſtina*, being the ſame formerly ſpoken of which *Salazars* men cunningly got from the Marqueſſes. *Salazar* having in his hand a Letter which ſo clearly prov'd what he had ſaid, ſhewed it his Kinſwoman, and told her, ſhe might judge by

the

the Sacrifice *Chriſtina* had made him, how much he was in her favour. The Counteſs having read the Letter, was very well pleas'd, and thought it very proper and effectual for ſetting the Marqueſs and his Miſtreſs at variance: She ſpoke *Salazar* ſo fair, that ſhe prevail'd with him to leave it in her cuſtody, upon her promiſe to make no ill uſe of it; which ſhe kept ſo ill, that the very next moment ſhe went to one of her friends, a Lady of the Marqueſſes familiar acquaintance, and having aggravated the dangers the Marqueſs had expos'd himſelf to for ſeeing *Chriſtina*, and the ill conſequence of his paſſion, it might be excus'd, adds ſhe, did *Chriſtina* but love him; which ſhe is ſo far from, that ſhe cannot endure him, but ſacrifices his kindeſt and moſt affectionate Letters to *Salazar*, who to my knowledge hath ſeveral of them, though he

hath the discretion not to shew them. To this she added many other particulars which convinc'd the Lady, and made her believe she could not do the Marquess a better office, than to cure him of his passion, and disabuse him as to his Opinion of *Christina*. She fell to work on the morrow, and made use of all means the Countess had furnish'd her with to perswade the Lover to think no more of so faithless a Mistress. The Marquess who could not imagine *Christina* capable of falshood to him, did not easily believe what was said of her, and would not for a long time admit the suspitions they endeavour'd to infuse into him of her. But this Lady pressing him to it continually, he promis'd at length to believe what she said, if she would shew him one Letter to convince him of the falshood of *Christina*. The Countess of *Benavidez* inform'd

inform'd of this good ſucceſs, ſent the Letter to her good Friend, who having ſhew'd it the Marqueſs extremely diſturb'd him: He read it over and over, and knew it to be the ſame he had writ to *Chriſtina*, and ſhe had ſent him an Anſwer of. He made no longer doubt but ſhe had betray'd him, and his heart reproaching him for having been ſo long fool'd by ſo ingrateful a Wretch, he blindly reſolv'd to declare his reſentment, by writing her a Letter full of Scorn and Contempt, and in the moſt vilifying and bitter terms he could invent; which he did to this purpoſe:

THe Intereſt I have in your Concerns ingages me to write to you; to furniſh you the means to make new Sacrifices to my happy Rival: But I adviſe you to make good uſe of this Letter, as the laſt you ſhall receive from me. Force your ſelf

no further to comply with me, yet assure your self I shall not envy the surprize of Salazar, *for I hope you will revenge me of him, and will in a short time make a sacrifice of him also to another, who could find in your heart to betray the most sincere and most passionate of Lovers.*

The Marquess d' Osseyra.

The Marquess had no sooner written this Letter, but he gave it him who carried the former, charging him to be gone immediately, and deliver it *Christina*. Ill news fly apace, and the Letter was delivered her within two days after the writing it. *Christina* was so little acquainted with the language of it, she could hardly believe what she read: We are naturally inclin'd to be ignorant of what we wish should not be, and she would fain have been deceiv'd. But seeing the

Letter

Letter unqueſtionably of the Marqueſſes hand-writing, and knowing the Bearer to be one he confided in, it offended her ſo highly, ſhe thought it below her to juſtifie her ſelf againſt an Accuſation ſo improbable and unworthy her Noble and Generous Soul: And laying aſide, on the ſudden, the gentleneſs and ſweetneſs of her Nature, ſhe angrily told the man who waited her Anſwer, ſhe would never take the pains to clear her ſelf to a man who thought her capable of Falſhood: And tearing the Letter in pieces in the preſence of him who deliver'd it, ſhe threatned to have him apprehended for a Spy, if he went not away immediately, or ever ſaw her face more.

As haughty and couragious as ſhe appear'd before the Marqueſſes man, it was not in her power to over-rule the infirmity of her Sex, but ſhe burſt out into tears, and was

tormented with a thouſand diffe-
rent thoughts. The deſpair ſhe
was in preſs'd her to take a courſe
that ſhould remove her for ever fa
enough from the Marqueſs: yet
ſecret inclination (the cauſe where
of ſhe knew not) render'd her reſo
lutions uncertain and ineffectual
Sometimes ſhe thought to retur
home, but preſently diſlik'd it, a
having lately received a conſidera
ble ſupply of Money, and deſir'd
her Friends Conſent to be marrie
to the Marqueſs, which now coul
be of no other uſe to her, but t
procure her the reproaches of
Province, where people naturall
love to talk of their Neighbours
A Religious Life pleas'd her as li
tle; and after a thouſand reflecti
ons, finding none ſo agreeable t
her humour as the Military, ſh
took a ſtrong reſolution to ſpend
the reſt of her days in Arms.

While ſhe was taking private or
de

der for going to another Town to put her ſelf in fit Equipage for War, the Marqueſs (now his paſſion was over) began to repent all he had done: And having conſider'd former paſſages, and endeavouring to find his Miſtreſs leſs guilty, he bethought himſelf that the man who had one of his Letters to carry to *Chriſtina*, never came back again, but took Arms for the *French*. This made him believe he had ſold his Letter to *Salazar*, and deſerted the ſervice of his Prince, for fear of being puniſh'd. The quick return of him he had ſent to *Lille* two days before, who brought him the news of *Chriſtina*'s indignation, and the Anſwer ſhe had made him, confirm'd his Opinion of the Innocence of his Miſtreſs. He was upon the point of going to caſt himſelf at her feet; but deſirous to know the manner how this Letter came into

the hands of his Rival, he pray'd the Duke *de Montalto* (who was both their friend, and charged them never to queſtion one another) to go to *Salazar*, and intreat him to tell him upon the word of a Gentleman, how he came by that Letter; aſſuring the Duke, however it had happen'd, he would not reſent it, provided he might know the truth, which for other reaſons he was concern'd to be inform'd of.

Salazar being preſs'd by the Duke to give a poſitive anſwer, was highly diſpleas'd to find himſelf reduc'd to ſuch a ſtrait by the indiſcretion of the Counteſs; and after a weak denial, was at laſt oblig'd to confeſs to his Friend the truth of the buſineſs. The Marqueſs having made this diſcovery by the Duke, was ready to die for grief, for having upon ſo light grounds ſuſpected the fidelity of his

his Miſtreſs. This was not all his misfortune; for while he thought of going to ask her pardon, news came to *Bruſſels*, that the Monarch of *France* was at the Gates of the ſtrong Tower of *Valenciennes*, which he beſieg'd in a ſeaſon, when the Heroes of former Ages would have thought it impoſſible to have an Army in the Field: Wherein he ſurpaſs'd the Sun (which he hath taken for his Deviſe) ſince the Froſt and the Snow which hinder the appearance of that Luminary, could not retard for one day the courſe of his Conqueſts.

The ſurprize the *Spaniards* were under at the news, was incredible. Every man had order to be in readineſs; and the Marqueſs *d' Oſſeyra*, Maſter of the Artillery, had his hands full: yet he was not ſo taken up with the buſineſs of his Charge, but he thought how to make his peace with his Miſtreſs.

But

But how preſſing ſoever his paſſion was, his duty was more; and he found himſelf under the neceſſity of being content with writing her a Letter, which probably was very ſubmiſſive and kind: What it contain'd, I cannot give you a certain account, *Chriſtina* having never received it. This Illuſtrious Heroine, who had laid her deſign for ſerving in the Wars, and promis'd her ſelf never more to entertain any paſſion but for Honour, had left *Lille*, and put her ſelf into Equipage, good or bad; and having joyn'd the Kings Army, near *Valenciennes*, in a Troopers Habit and under her former Name S. *Aubin*, he made his Court to the Marſhal of *Luxembourg*, who formerly knew him; and having pray'd to be admitted to ſerve him in the quality of *Ayd de Camp*, the generous Marſhal having inclinations of kindneſs for thoſe who are hand-

handſom, eſpecially if perſons of Merit, granted his requeſt, and imploy'd him that very day to carry Orders into ſeveral Quarters of the Camp. *Valenciennes*, which boaſted it ſelf to have been fatal to the *French*, willing to preſerve the reputation it had gain'd in the late Wars, made a vigorous defence. This happy beginning put the *Spaniards* in hopes the valour of the Inhabitants, aſſiſted with the rigor of the ſeaſon, would give them time to aſſemble their forces, and expect thoſe of their Confederates for raiſing the Siege. But the Renowned Monarch who beſieged it, taking notice of this vigorous reſiſtance, and that they were provided to endure a Formal Siege, caus'd them to be attaqu'd a new way, which may ſerve for an example to the Captains in future Ages. For having made a Detachment from his Army, thoſe brave Souls

Souls animated by the preſence and Orders of a General ſo much Superiour to others, made themſelves Maſters of all the Out-works in open day: Nor can it be ſaid it was by ſurprize, or without reſiſtance, eight hundred men having dy'd upon the ſpot, in an obſtinate defence of their ſeveral Poſts. The Kings Muſqueteers being foremoſt of the Aſſailants, entred the Town pell-mell with thoſe that fled into it.

I ſhall not undertake to write the Great Actions done this Remarkable Expedition; I leave it to the Hiſtorians, whoſe buſineſs it is, and ſhall ſpeak only of what concerns my Heroine. This Generous Perſon was always near Mounſieur *de Luxembourg*, who being upon the ſervice of the day, commanded that glorious Detachment. S. *Aubin* ſeeing that Worthy Marſhal carry his Orders in Perſon throughout, thought the aſſiſtance of an

Ayd:

Ayd de Camp very uſeleſs in ſo hot a ſervice; and having mingled himſelf among the Kings Muſqueteers, he entred the Town with them, and ſhar'd in the glory of ſo hardy an Action. The Grenadiers of the Kings Houſhold, and the Regiment of Guards following the next moment, the Garriſon laid down their Arms, and the Squadron of Horſe who were drawn up in the Market-place were diſmounted. The Townſmen, who never expected an Aſſault of that nature, were ſo amaz'd to ſee the *French* in the Town, that moſt of them retir'd into the Churches and Monaſteries to avoid the fury of the Souldier.

While all was yet in confuſion, ſome greedy Souldiers broke into the firſt Houſes they met with; and S. *Aubin* ſeeing no more Honour to be gain'd where there was no more reſiſtance, was marching out of the Town; and having by the

the way ſpy'd ſome Souldiers entring a Houſe, which probably belong'd to ſome Perſon of Quality, his generoſity inſpir'd him to enter among them, to prevent their pillaging it. He preſently met with a young Maid, very handſom, who all in tears threw her ſelf at his feet, praying him to ſave her Honour, and reſt ſatisfied with the many Goods he ſhould find in the Houſe, which ſhe wholly yielded up to him with all her heart. S. *Aubin*'s heart melting at the diſorder and tears of the poor Maid, he put on a face of Authority, and made the Souldiers, partly by civility, partly by force, to get out of doors; and having lock'd them, promis'd the Maid he would protect her, and ſtay by her as long as ſhould be neceſſary to ſave her from the inſolence of the Souldiers. This diſcourſe, which in appearance ſhould have diſſipated her fears, ſerv'd only

ly to heighten them: She could not imagine a man cover'd with bloud, and with dirt ('twas not a ſeaſon for duſt) ſhould have ſo much Humanity, but fancy'd he ſav'd her from others, the better to play a Game for himſelf. Prepoſſeſt with theſe thoughts, ſhe ſtood at a diſtance, and in a lamentable tone pray'd him not to leſſen the Greatneſs of the ſervice he had done her, by offering her violence to no purpoſe, being reſolved rather to loſe her life, than her Honour: Fear nothing, ſaith S. *Aubin*, were you acquainted with me, and knew me better, you would have better thoughts of me: I ſtay here only to guard you, and will be gone as ſoon as you command me.

This Maids Mot r was gone that morning to Maſs, and the Town was ſo ſuddenly taken, ſhe had not time to return home e're the buſineſs was done. The Fa-

ther,

ther, who could not find in his heart to see his House rifled, retir'd into the Covent of *Capucines*, in company with several others who expected like usage, as very well knowing the Rights Victory gives them who take a Town by Assault. But the Serene Monarch of *France*, as full of Clemency as Valour, and willing the season of the Siege, the taking of the Town, and the use of the Victory should be equally extraordinary, sent in Mounsieur *de Louvoy*, who by mentioning the Kings Name, presently staid the fury of the Souldiers, and within a quarter of an hour caus'd better Orders to be observ'd in *Valenciennes* taken by Assault, than had been observ'd by the Enemies at three days end in *Trevés*, surrender'd by Composition. 'Tis easie to guess what a pleasant surprize it was to the Inhabitants, when creeping out of their lurking-holes, and places

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of refuge, instead of smoaking ruines they expected to see, they found houses very well furnish'd, and in the same condition they had left them; and instead of Fire and Sword they were so justly afraid of, they met with Officers coming into their houses with Gold and Silver in their hands to pay for what they wanted. S. *Aubin* a while after looking out at a Window, saw all things quiet by the indefatigable cares of the Minister I have nam'd: And having observ'd the Shops of that great City begin to open, and that his fair Hostess was now out of fear, he went out to seek his General, whom he found with his Majesty, giving him an account of the particulars. The Parents of the Maid S. *Aubin* had so generously protected being return'd home, ravish'd to find their Daughter there, imbrac'd her with inexpressible joy. The first transports

of

of this pleaſant Enterview being over, ſhe made them a faithful Relation of the Obligations ſhe had to the brave *French-man* who ſuccour'd her, and declar'd the circumſtances of the ſervice he had done her ſo much to the life, and how free the Gentleman appear'd from Self-intereſt, that her Father conceiving it not in his power ſufficiently to acknowledge ſo vertuous and excellent an action, reſolv'd to clear himſelf from being lyable to an imputation of ingratitude, and ſpent two whole days in ſearching (though in vain) for his Daughters Deliverer in the City and Camp. Having heard the Kings Muſqueteers had firſt entred the Town, he preſently fanci'd the man he look'd for might be one of them. But having acquainted his Daughter with his thoughts, and told her the Muſqueteers were Red-coats, ſhe preſently undeceiv'd him,

by assuring him, her Protector was in a Habit of a different colour. Those who are good-natur'd, will easily guess what a torment it was to those grateful persons not to find him: they held themselves so much oblig'd to: They were vext at the heart they could not have sav'd their Goods without being ingrateful, and resolved to make new search for the man, when S. *Aubin* curious to know who she was he had been so happy to save from the fury of the Souldiers, entred the House by a Back-door, the very same he entred by at first.

He cross'd a little Yard, and found himself just in the Room of a young Servant-maid, who not fully recover'd of her frights the day before, was so troubled to see a Stranger in her Chamber, that she set up her throat, and with the loudness of her cryes drew all the House

Houſe to her. They had certainl
taken him for a Robber, had n
his good meen, and his Habit
which was very decent, made the
think him no ſuch man. The
look'd on him with aſtoniſhmen
and knew not how to begin ſpea
ing to him, till the Daughter of th
Houſe came in after the reſt, a
knowing S. *Aubin*'s face, cry'd ou
That ſame was her Guardian-Ange
and ſtood at his Elbow in a tra
ſport of joy with the ingenuity an
innocence of a true *Flemiſh* Gi
The Father and Mother as ſenſib
as their Daughter of ſo happy
rencontre, raviſh'd with joy to fin
themſelves under thoſe ſtrong ob
gations to ſo lovely a Gentlema
imbrac'd him with that affecti
and kindneſs may better be unde
ſtood than expreſt. The Fath
made him an offer of what part h
pleas'd of his Goods, owning h
held them of him, by whoſe bou

ty and goodneſs alone they were ſtill his. The Mother, who had not yet ſpoke a word, interrupted her Husband, telling him, that in giving the Gentleman part of their Goods, they paid him only in part for the ſervice he had done them: But ſince he had preſerved *Mary-Anne* their Daughter, dearer to them than all the treaſures of the World, it was but reaſonable to recompence ſo conſiderable a good Office to the full, by intreating him to marry her; adding, ſhe was their only Child, and that they had deny'd her to Wife to one of the beſt Gentlemen in their Country. The Father applauded his Wifes Propoſals, and *Mary-Anne* gave conſent by her ſilence. S. *Aubin* who was not altogether ſo haſty, anſwer'd their offers with a great deal of Civility, and gave them thanks for the Honour they would have done for him. The modeſty of his anſwer

ſwer heightned their kindneſs, and made them more eager, and put him to no ſmall trouble to reſiſt their preſſing ſolicitations.

After long diſcourſe, S. *Aubin* being call'd away by his Imployment, was going off with promiſe to ſee them again; but his intended Father-in-law looking upon him already as his Son, would not run the hazard of ſeeking him in vain, as he had done, over all the Army, but bore him company to his Quarters. By the way he gave him account what a conſiderable Eſtate he had, and forgot not to acquaint him with the perſonal Merits of his Daughter, and the Quality of her Suitors. S. *Aubin* deſirous to put the thoughts of Marriage out of his head, took occaſion to tell him it would be great wrong to the Fair *Mary-Anne* to be married to a Stranger, who had nothing to truſt to but his Sword, and muſt need

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make her unhappy, by being forc'd the morrow after his Marriage to follow the Camp, and leave her. The grateful Father was ſo far from being diſcourag'd by theſe Reaſons, that having highly commended S. *Aubin* for his modeſty, he imbrac'd him again, and with wonderful frankneſs told him, he thought himſelf the happieſt man on Earth for having it in his power to contribute to the making the Fortune of a Gentleman of ſo ſingular Worth. With that they parted, and the Father, when return'd home, gave there an account of his diſcourſe with S. *Aubin*, magnifying the good Fortune of his Daughter, now likely to be the Wife of a Gentleman, the handſomeſt, the leaſt huffiſh, and the beſt humour'd of any in *France*.

The mean time the Victorious Monarch having given order for the reparations neceſſary for the

ſafety of the place, decamped a few days after; and S. *Aubin* going to take leave of thoſe who had ſo much kindneſs for him, the whole Family was extremely ſurpriz'd to ſee him upon going. To be rid of them, he told them, he was under an indiſpenſable neceſſity to follow the Army the beginning of the Campagne, upon pain of loſing the little Honour he had gain'd, and the eſteem of all that knew him; yet to ſatisfie their importunities, he promis'd in ſome time to come and refreſh himſelf at their houſe for a moneth. The Mother taking notice he ſaid not a word of Marriage, ask'd him if he intended not to be their Son-in-law. S. *Aubin* having thank'd them for the Honour they would have done him, repeated almoſt the very words he had ſaid to the Father on the like occaſion. But being deſir'd to ſpeak more poſitively, he

anſwer'

anſwer'd in general terms, he had never yet thought of Marriage; that in truth he found himſelf very averſe from it, and would adviſe them to loſe no time for ſetling their Daughter. The Parents offended at the Anſwer, thought he ſlighted their Daughter. S. *Aubin* perceiv'd it, and knowing they were troubled at it, he took his occaſion to ſpeak of *Mary-Anne* with all imaginable eſteem and reſpect: But ſeeing they were not perſwaded his diſcourſe was ſincere, he was at laſt forc'd, for their ſatisfaction, to make them a promiſe (which they deſir'd of him) that he would never marry any other Maid but *Mary-Anne*. The Father preſented him with a very fine Horſe, which he was oblig'd to accept, to avoid utterly diſguſting them: And having taken his leave, after a thouſand imbraces, S. *Aubin* got again to the Army.

All *Europe* had their eyes fixt on the march of that victorious Army; ſome believ'd, that after an advantage which appear'd rather the work and fruit of an intire Campagne, than a Conqueſt of fifteen days, the King would have return'd to S. *Germain* to refreſh himſelf after ſo great Fatigues, e ſpecially when his Majeſty ha News from all parts of the moti ons of the Prince of *Orange*, t joyn his Troops with thoſe of th *Spaniards*, with deſign to oppoſ his Majeſties undertakings. Bu that great Monarch not us'd to qui his delicious Palaces, to end Campagne by the taking of on Town, how important ſoever, dou bled the ſurprize and aſtoniſhmen of the World, by pouring his For ces upon *Cambray*, the ſame which the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth ha fortifi'd with ſo much care and ex pence, the laſt Age, to heighte

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the Trophies of that Great, that Wiſe and Generous King, though the Emperour, when he fortifi'd it, deſign'd it the Bull-wark of the *Low-Countries*, and Cittadel of *France*, as the *Spaniards* in the late times called it.

While the greateſt part of *Europe* was differently concern'd for ſo famous a Siege, S. *Aubin* was buſie in the ſervice of his General with extraordinary aſſiduity and care, far beyond the uſual rate of *Ayds de Camp*, which the Marſhal *de Luxembourg* ſo well approv'd of, that he choſe to imploy him before any other. The City of *Cambray* being reduc'd to capitulate, the Governour, before he would retire into the Cittadel, deſir'd ſome favour (the particulars I know not) in behalf of the Wives of the principal Officers. Mounſieur *de Luxembourg* being upon the ſervice of the day in the Trenches, and con-

cern'd in that Negotiation, ſent S. *Aubin* to Complement the Ladies from him. He entred the City for that purpoſe; and having learnt that ſeveral of theſe Women were retir'd into a Monaſtery, he went thither; and ſeeing two or three amongſt them, to whom all the reſt paid extraordinary reſpect, he made up to them to ſpeak to them. He had ſcarce begun, but he perceiv'd he ſpoke to the Counteſs *de Benavidez*, who had follow'd her Husband to *Cambray*, where his Regiment was. S. *Aubin*, though ſurpriz'd at the ſight of her, endeavour'd to recover himſelf, and would have made an end of his Complement: But the Counteſs, who preſently knew him, would not give him time, but imbrac'd him with ſuch a tranſport, as ſcandaliz'd the Company; this Lady, who always lov'd S. *Aubin*, having then forgot her Jea-

Jealouſie that made her hate *Chriſtina.* They ſpent ſome time in private diſcourſe; and S. *Aubin* having told her what great reaſon he had to complain of the Marqueſs *de Oſſeyra*, the Counteſs who had ſo great a hand in ſetting them at variance, was glad at the heart to hear the News, and pretending her ſelf much concern'd for her, pray'd her to ſhew her the quarrelling Letter he had injuriouſly ſent her. S. *Aubin* having torn it, could not ſatisfie her deſire, but told her the ſubſtance of it, aſſuring her it had occaſion'd her taking Arms afreſh, with a reſolution not to entertain any paſſion but for Honour and Renown. The Counteſs would gladly have continued this diſcourſe, but fearing the Company would take it ill, ſhe put an end to it, telling them, this Gentleman having been Priſoner the laſt year at *Bruſſels*, had done her the Ho-

nour to viſit her often. S. *Aubin* having confirm'd what the Counteſs had ſaid, retir'd, having offer'd them all the ſervice in his power to obtain the favour they deſir'd; which he perform'd ſo well, that the Ladies were ſatisfi'd, and gave him thanks by Letter.

The King deſirous his Subjects of the Province of *Boulonnois* might be eas'd of the continual Incurſions of the Garriſon of S. *Omer*, and by his reducing that place might injoy the redreſs his Majeſty intended *Picardy* by the taking of *Cambray*, and the quiet all the reſt of the Provinces of his Realm are bleſt with in the heat of War, his Majeſty ordered a Body of an Army to be formed under the Command of his Worthy Brother for beſieging S. *Omer*, the ſame time he lay before *Cambray*. This Enterprize appear'd ſo great, that Strangers doubted the ſucceſs; and

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the *Spaniards*, who very well knew the ſtrength of thoſe places, and how well they were provided of neceſſaries for a long reſiſtance, made no great haſte at firſt to ſend their Succours: But frighten'd by the example of *Valenciennes*, they us'd extraordinary diligence to joyn their Troops to thoſe of the Prince of *Orange*, in order to raiſing the Siege of S. *Omer*. The King having notice of their motions, and foreſeeing their deſign, made a Detachment out of his Army, which he ſent under the Command of Mounſieur *de Luxembourg*, in aid of the Duke of *Orleans* before S. *Omer*.

While Mounſieur *de Luxembourg* was conducting his Detachment with his uſual activity and vigilance, S. *Aubin*, who follow'd him ſtill, and animated by the happy ſucceſs of the Kings Arms, and the Marſhals Illuſtrious example, forti-

fi'd his reſolution of continuing in Arms, had by his diligence ſo far gain'd the eſteem of his General, that he took particular notice of him, and imploy'd him on all remarkable occaſions. This drew on S. *Aubin* the envy of his Comrades, particularly a young Gentlemans, whoſe other good qualities prevail with me to conceal his right Name, and to give him that of *Richmond*. This young Gentleman, jealous of the kind uſage S. *Aubin* received from the General Officers, and looking on him as an Upſtart, and a very raw Souldier, let fall on ſeveral occaſions ſome ſharp language againſt him. S. *Aubin*, who was naturally good-humour'd, and had a very inſinuating way, perceiving his diſguſt, endeavour'd to gain him by fair means, Courting him every day, and omitting nothing that might oblige him to anſwer his kindneſs by ſome evidence

evidence of affection. *Richmond* had the ill nature to attribute S. *Aubin*'s Civilities and obliging Carriage to his weakneſs, and fear of quarrelling him. This made him more inſolent, ſo that he purpoſely affronted him on ſeveral occaſions, reproaching him often with his Womans Face, and telling him a Martial-ſoul ſeldom lodg'd in ſo delicate a body. S. *Aubin* finding himſelf touch'd in ſo nice a point, could not forbear bluſhing at his reproaches; but willing to decline the noyſe of a quarrel, endeavour'd to put off all with a Jeſt, which did but incourage *Richmond* to be worſe than before. At laſt S. *Aubin*, urg'd by frequent perſecutions, and ſenſible he could no longer conceal his reſentment, without expoſing himſelf to continual affronts, he took his time to find him alone, and tell him he was a-weary of his Raileries, nor would endure

endure them any longer, but pray'd him, once for all, to put an end to them; otherwiſe he ſhould be oblig'd to let him ſee, he knew how to revenge himſelf, though unacquainted with the ways of giving affronts. *Richmond* made ſmall account of this diſcourſe, but fell again to his old way of Jeering. S. *Aubin* met him one day on his march, and taking his Piſtol in his hand, told him, he was now reſolv'd to keep his word with him. *Richmond* having put himſelf in a poſture of defence, S. *Aubin* diſcharging his Piſtol, wounded him in the arm he held his Piſtol by. *Richmond* being diſabled, S. *Aubin* making uſe of his advantage, laid his other Piſtol to his breaſt, threatning to kill him, unleſs he would beg his life. *Richmond* obſtinately refuſing, S. *Aubin* inſiſted on't no further, but told him, his obſtinacy ſhould not make him forget to be generous.

generous. Preſently after they were parted by ſome Horſemen that overtook them. The Marſhal of *Luxembourg* having heard of the Combat, caus'd them both to be arreſted; and having carefully inquir'd into the cauſe of the quarrel, he heard only in general, that S. *Aubin* was the Aggreſſor. This ſurpriz'd him the more, as having ever known him of a ſweet and peaceable humour; which made him believe, he came not to theſe extremities without great provocation: So that he reſolv'd to know the bottom of the buſineſs, and found S. *Aubin* had made uſe of all fair means in his power to win over his Adverſary (but all to no purpoſe) before he had ingag'd him. *Richmond* was blam'd for it, and Mounſieur *de Luxembourg* unwilling he ſhould ſerve any longer under him, ſent him to *Perron*, under pretence of having his wound cur'd,

cur'd, though 'twas very light. The Combat prov'd much to S. *Aubin*'s advantage, the General eſteeming him the better for't; and the other *Ayds de Camp* finding 'twas ill jeſting with him, forbore their Raileries.

Mounſieur *de Luxembourg* was by this time arriv'd before S. *Omer*, juſt as *Mounſieur* was preparing to quit his Lines to go meet the Enemy, though far more numerous. The ſuccour came ſo ſeaſonably, that both Armies being ingag'd, that of the Confederates was intirely defeated: The particulars of the Battel have been already ſo faithfully and fully related, I ſhall not attempt writing what is better done to my hand by another; the very relations made of it by the Enemy, attribute all the advantage and glory of it to the Valiant *Philip de France*, who was every-where preſent; reviving their courage who

who began to give ground, and animating the whole Army by his Example and Orders.

S. *Aubin* having ſtill had a longing deſire to ſee a Battel, was heartily glad of being at this: the ſeveral Orders he had from his General to carry through the Army, gave him the occaſion to ſatisfie himſelf to the full, and to be preſent where the Victory was moſt ſmartly diſputed. Happening to be at the defeat of a *Spaniſh* Battalion of Foot, out of his natural abhorrence of bloudſhed, he ſav'd the lives of two Officers, under pretence of carrying them Priſoners to Mounſieur *de Luxembourg*: And having ask'd them ſeveral queſtions about the condition of their Army, and what Generals they had, he found the *Spaniards* made a Body apart, under the Command of the Marqueſs *de Oſſeyra*. S. *Aubin* was ſo troubled at the Name,

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he ſtood mute for ſome time. He was thinking at firſt to ſeek him out, and demand ſatisfaction with his Arms in his hand for the outrage he conceiv'd he had receiv'd from him; but he had ſcarce fram'd his deſign, but he felt his heart fail him, and more concern'd for the perſon of the Marqueſs than it could be for an Enemy. He did what he could to ſuppreſs and get rid of that unſeaſonable tenderneſs, but all would not do, his heart ſtill hankerd after news of the Marqueſs, and was ſtrongly bent to ſave his life, if poſſible.

While S. *Aubin* continued under theſe uncertainties, the Kings Victorious Brother taking his advantage of the diſorder and conſternation the Enemies were in, commanded Mounſieur *de Luxembourg* to purſue them with ſome Squadrons: And with admirable foreſight, his Royal Highneſs ſent o-

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ther Troops to poſſeſs themſelves of the Poſts, by which the Enemies, though routed, might have attempted the relief of S. *Omer*. The Duke of *Luxembourg* the mean time being in purſuit of the Enemy, and perceiving the Dragoons (who ſhould have follow'd him) lag behind, and buſie themſelves in taking Priſoners, which would but hinder the ſervice of the day, he ſent S. *Aubin* with Orders for them to march, and to kill all their Priſoners. S. *Aubin* carried theſe Orders, but with ſome reluctance; yet knowing it his duty to obey, not diſpute the Orders of his General, he carried them with his ordinary diligence; and had no ſooner approach'd the Dragoons, but he diſcern'd the Marqueſs *de Oſſeyra* among the Priſoners, which troubled him beyond expreſſion. The Officer who commanded the Dragoons, ſeeing an *Ayd de Camp* coming

coming towards them a gallop, made no doubt but he brought Orders; and having advanc'd a little way to receive them, S. *Aubin* concealing to his power the ſurprize he was in, without loſs of time, he made uſe of that readineſs of wit incident to thoſe of the Sex, and told the Officer, that the Marſhal *de Luxembourg* demanded a Priſoner, nam'd the Marqueſs *de Oſſeyra*: As for the reſt, they ſhould be put to the Sword, and the Dragoons to march up to the Troops, in purſuit of the Enemy. The Order was preſently obey'd, and the Marqueſs conſign'd into the hands of S. *Aubin*, whom he follow'd ſome paces on foot, not able to comprehend by what good fortune he had eſcap'd the fate of the reſt of the Priſoners. The Counteſs of *Benavidez* had told him *Chriſtina* was in the *French* Army, which made him reſolve, after

after the loſs of the Battel, to expoſe himſelf where he might be made Priſoner, in hopes by that means to have a ſight of his dear *Heroine*. The thought of this flatter'd him ſo pleaſantly, that he had not yet caſt his eyes on his Deliverer, being overjoy'd with his having eſcap'd the danger he fear'd of dying with grief, for want of an opportunity to clear himſelf to his Miſtreſs. This joy was but ſhort; for S. *Aubin* to carry on his deſign to the utmoſt, clapt a Piſtol to the Marqueſſes Breaſt, and bid him prepare for death. This troubled the Marqueſs more now than it would have done on another occaſion; and not able to Maſter his paſſion on the ſudden, he reproach'd S. *Aubin* with his cruelty, in making him languiſh ſo long, when he had reſolv'd to kill him. But reviving himſelf; I will die (ſays he) contentedly, if you will give

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me your word to look out in your Army a Cavalier who goes under the Name of S. *Aubin*, and tell him, the Marqueſs *de Oſſeyra* thought upon him to the laſt moment of his life, and had ſome pleaſure in his death, as having been occaſion'd by the Love he had for him. He fixt his eye the while on him he ſpoke to, and began to remember himſelf, when S. *Aubin* being on this occaſion more *Chriſtina* than S. *Aubin*, and having had much ado to act this part with her Lover, diſmounted, and expreſt by her tears the paſſion of her heart, with greater Eloquence than the beſt Orator on Earth could have done it. The Marqueſs by this time knowing *Chriſtina* was his Deliverer, was ſo deeply affected with this new Obligation, that he ſtood ſeiz'd with a pleaſant amazement at the goodneſs of his Miſtreſs, at a time when ſhe had

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ſo great reaſon to be angry with him. Yet as joyful as he was for having found her again in ſo extraordinary a manner, when he call'd to mind he had given her cauſe of offence, it almoſt diſtracted him; and not able to indure the miſery of that condition, he beg'd her pardon, in terms ſo ſubmiſſively paſſionate, that it was readily granted him, before explication made of the myſtery of the Letter which had caus'd that diſorder.

They had ſcarce underſtood one another, but they found themſelves hemm'd in by a Body of *Spaniſh* Horſe, which the Duke of *Montalto* had ſent to reſcue his Friend out of the hands of the *French*. The Marqueſs was ſo full of Idea's of Love, and appear'd ſo little concern'd for a liberty he was no longer Maſter of, that he was not yet ſenſible of his good fortune; when the Duke of *Montalto*, who had given

given him up for dead, or a Priſoner, imbrac'd him with all the marks of joy a true Friend could expreſs on ſuch an occaſion. The Duke ſeeing him out of humour, and muſing, imputed it to the ill ſucceſs of their Enterprize, and thinking to comfort him ſaid, their loſs was not ſo great perhaps as they fear'd it on the ſudden, and aſſur'd him they had taken a conſiderable number of Priſoners. He obſerv'd, in the mean time, the Marqueſs had his eye fixt on S. *Aubin*, which obliged the Duke to adviſe him to ſend away that Priſoner with the reſt, and not trouble himſelf with taking charge of him. I owe my life and my liberty, ſays the Marqueſs, to his Generoſity; but theſe are the leaſt of my Obligations to him, and the weakeſt reaſons I have to ſhare fortunes with him; and then judge you what reaſon I have to ſee him well

well us'd. This diſcourſe awaken'd the curioſity of the Duke, and made him look more earneſtly than before on S. *Aubin*, whom after a ſhort view he knew to be the fair *Chriſtina* he had ſeen at *Bruſſels*, and was no ſtranger to her extraordinary Adventures. He gave his Friend joy of his good fortune, and being well acquainted with the paſſion he had for her, he eaſily imagin'd they had many things to ſay to one another, and diſcreetly retreated, on pretence of fetching up the Straglers of his Troops.

Though the day of the loſs of a Battel may be thought a time very improper for a General Officer to buſie himſelf with matters of Love, the Marqueſs could not forbear entring into a large diſcourſe, to clear all miſunderſtandings between him and his Miſtreſs. After a thouſand reciprocal aſſurances of loving one another for ever, *Chriſtina* repreſented

ſented to him the inconveniences ſhe expos'd her ſelf to, by being diſcover'd by ſeveral Officers, as ſhe had been by the Duke *de Montalto*; and made him ſo ſenſible of the injury it would do them both, and what a trouble it would be to her to be the ſubject of diſcourſe for a whole Army, that the Marqueſs perſwaded by ſo convincing reaſons, conſented at laſt ſhe ſhould return to the *French* Camp, having faithfully promis'd him ſhe would preſently retire to *Paris*, quit an imployment ſo unſuitable to her Sex, and put her ſelf into a Covent till the end of the Campagne, and that ſhe would then marry him; it being her deſire to delay it ſo long, that ſhe might do it with more decency. The Marqueſs in Perſon guarded her as far as he could, and then ordered a Trumpet to bring her ſafe into the Camp. The General was in pain for S. *Au-*

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bin when he arriv'd, and had ſent into ſeveral Quarters to inquire what was become of him: He told him, he had had the misfortune to be taken Priſoner; and that he was let go upon his Parol. Mounſieur *de Luxembourg* believ'd him, and promis'd to ſend the *Spaniards* a Priſoner in Exchange.

The morrow after the Battel, Mounſieur to make his Victory compleat, by taking S. *Omer*, return'd to his Camp before the place, and preſs'd it ſo vigorouſly, that they were glad to Capitulate before he was Maſter of the Counterſcarp: And S. *Aubin* had the pleaſure to be in imployment about his General, the day the place was ſurrendred, as he had been at the taking of *Valenciennes* and *Cambray*, Mounſieur *de Luxembourg* having had the good Fortune to Command the ſervice of the day, when every of thoſe places was ſurrendred.

Three of the moſt conſiderable places of the *Low-countries* reduc'd under the Kings Obedience, a great Battel won, wherein the Forces of two great Potentates were defeated; and all this in the height of Winter, and in leſs than ſix Weeks time, are Prodigies Poſterity will have ſcarce Faith to believe: Yet hardly any were ſurpriz'd at the News, though very ſurprizing; all who had heard of the Kings Marching in *February*, having expected Actions altogether extraordinary: And we may truly ſay of him, he hath taught the World not to be amaz'd at his extraordinary performances. His Enemies do him right in that particular. The Court of *Spain* was in ſome Conſternation at the News, the wiſe Prince, who is Prime Miniſter there, having heard ſome Grandees ſpeak of it with ſurprize, and attributing the ſucceſs of

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the Kings Arms to his good Fortune, interrupted their diſcourſe, to tell them, his ſucceſs depended more on his Conduct and Merit, than on his good Fortune.

When S. *Omer's* was taken, the King put his Troops into Quarters of Refreſhment, until the ordinary ſeaſon for drawing them into the Field: And moſt of the General Officers went to taſte the Pleaſures of *Paris*. The Marſhal of *Luxembourg* being of the number, S. *Aubin* to perform the Promiſe made to the Marqueſs, would not loſe ſo favourable an occaſion of accompanying the Marſhal to *Paris*. He found himſelf by the way ingag'd in an Adventure extraordinary, as thoſe he had formerly met with. The Duke of *Luxembourg* and Count *Louvigny* going together for *Paris*, the Baron *d' Angoſſe*, who has a dependance upon the Count, having in their March taken notice

of S. *Aubin*'s Countenance, though he had ſeen him, but could not remember the time, or the place: He took occaſion one day to tell him he had ſeen him before. S. *Aubin* bluſhing at it, made *d' Angoſſe* more inquiſitive. Having rack'd his memory a good while, he bethought himſelf at laſt this *Ayd de Camp* had the Ayr of a Man he had ſeen at Mounſieur *Strasburg's* at a Ball the year before, whom he had taken for *Madamoiſelle de Meyrac*: the only thing that puzl'd him was, that Man was a *Fleming*, and the Duke of *Luxembourg*'s People aſſur'd him, this was a *Frenchman*, and had ſerved among the Muſqueteers. This put him upon a ſecond addreſs to S. *Aubin*, to pray him to tell him ſeriouſly, if he was not the ſame Perſon who was in Maids habit when he miſtook him for a Gentlewoman of *Bearn*. S. *Aubin* perplex'd to find him ſo cloſely

cloſely and buſily curious, thought it better confeſs he had been diſguiz'd in Maids Cloaths, than give him occaſion to diſcover he had been diſguiz'd in Mans Apparel. *D' Angoſſe* having learnt what he ſo much long'd to know, told him, they might have very good ſport when they came to *Paris*; and that if he would but put on Womans Cloaths, he ſhould eaſily paſs for *Madamoiſelle de Meyrac*, by the help he would give him, to put a Trick on his Countrymen, which would be excellent divertiſement. S. *Aubin* promis'd him all he deſir'd; both arriv'd at *Paris* extremely well ſatisfied, *D' Angoſſe* tickled with the Conceit of his Projects, and S. *Aubin* glad at heart to get rid of his Importunities.

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